

[Intro]

"Damn. Forgot to do somethin', let me see...uh
Oh, yeah—it ain't over, mother..."
"KFLB news time 4:36. (part two, part two)
In the top story of the hour, the largest single law enforcement
(part two, part two) operation in California history is
Currently underway. (part two, part two)
The police in five Southern counties are engaged in a ma**ive battle...(part two, part two)"

[Verse 1]

P-Dog, back to break 'em off somethin'
And never frontin' when the rhyme keep comin'
Not lotto but I'm in it to win it and never lose
Never singin' but swingin' and bringin' nothin' but bad news
And I'm madder than a motherf**ker
Won't slip and the record won't skip, better get hip
Finna pop, but I ain't Pop
How many cops gotta drop when the gat wreck shop
P-Dog comin' up on another level
No hope for the black folk, f**k a devil
It ain't nothin' but a skanless-a** trap
To keep motherf**kers broke and smokin' crack
So I'm grippin' on the clip and finsta move
Another n***a on the trigger with nothin' to lose
You better duck when the gat buck b*t*h
'Cause the funk is on and Young Mark gimme some of that

[Hook + Scratching]

(scratching) Yeah, pa** the match!
(scratching) Pa** the match!
(scratching) Yeah

[Verse 2]

Ain't nothin' changed, still anti-pig
Still anti-drug dealer and anti-house n***a
From bein' broke in slavery
And if the skin is brown they only want you to stay down
I see the community need work
Black power mean mo' than a t-shirt
All I'm tryin to do is be sure
That the young black youth stay true to the format

And see the plan to kill the man
And understand, it ain't sh*t for life to end
Look at the Oaktown murder rate
We need mo' than a panel to set it straight
The next time somebody asks why
A motherf**ker sit still while the black keep dyin'?
I'ma do Elihu and make you see you can't
Bullsh*t around with the people's fate
And that's why we hate ourselves
Sleepin' with the enemy, you're bound to catch hell
They ain't never been down with our side
So f**k Schlitz, Olde E and St. Ide's
You better hear the word when I warn ya
Now it seem like the whole world's Arizona
One for Rodney and Latasha and Tawana, boy, ya better check ya list

For guerrillas in the mist

[Interlude]

Alright y'all, get ready for roll call
We got the gats, we got the masks, we got the gloves
The van's packed, and motherf**kers is ready to roll!
Uh-uh, wait a minute motherf**ker
You better go on with that old trick sh*t
'Cause in the 90's, n***as ain't havin it
So you best just learn to deal and get the F**K out!

[Verse 3]

White supremacy ain't never been a friend of me
You better check it when I wreck it 'cause it's gettin' deep
And get ready for the funk when the pot boil
With a dry rag, kerosene, and motor oil
Now the Aryan is scary and I'm runnin' up
Fat Tom better duck when he try his luck
'Cause I'ma see that he suck on a tech-9
Or fifteen to his dome'll be fine
Or maybe I'll just tar and feather ya
And castrate ya 'cause I hate a devil too
Rape your women up and then I'll rape your mind
Think about it it's an eye for an eye
And now it's fittin' that I'm spittin' on America
A black man with a plan and I'm scarin' ya
It ain't a threat but a promise out to each
In L.A., Forsythe, and Howard Beach

Duck down when the clip from the tech pop
You can't f**k with the sound when the needle drop
So don't speak when I plans to wreck the house
You can't win when the truth is spoken out
A real case of a brother you love to hate
Can't be roughed up or hushed or set straight
You better know me on the Mike McGee tip
And grab another clip, for guerrillas in the mist